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and other winter diseases are quickly cured by **INDIAN TAR BALSAM**, the
family doctor. Has been in use for nearly a quarter century.
During the great flu in Baltimore—February 74, 1894—many thousands of
sufferers were cured by the use of **INDIAN TAR BALSAM**.
DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarse-
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Price 25 Cents. For sale everywhere. Get the genuine. Beware of all
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The Indian Tar Balsam Company, Baltimore, Md.
Wholesale Agents:
JOHN B. HURTT & CO., Wholesale Druggists,
322 Light Street, - BALTIMORE, MD.
NOTE—Not burned. Business going on as usual.

ELIOTUS.
"One shall be taken, and the other left."
Into Life's gloaming he has passed to
night.
The vividness of day for him is o'er,
His gladdening later will be his no
more.
Only the solemn vespertine light.
She was his all, as he was all to her—
O happy smile that hovered like a
wealth.
O'er the wan lips dost thou proclaim a
faith
In Love no mist of years can ever blur?
Drearily he gazes, wafted to a clime
Of luscious glades and meadows where
slip crown'd.
Where boy and maiden, brave in Love
new found,
Laughing defiance fling to Death and
Time!
Into the gloaming he has passed, but soon
Shall gladden through its grayness
Memory's star,
And with white radiance naught of
Earth can mar
Consoles for crimson dawn and golden
moon!
—Westminster Gazette.

GREAT BANJOIST
OF LEE'S ARMY.
Samuel Moorman Gregory, Merry-
Maker in Time of War.
(From Richmond Times-Dispatch.)
The smiling face of Samuel Moor-
man Gregory is a passport to hun-
dreds of Virginia homes. A contem-
porary banjoist with old Joe Sweeney,
though disabled by wounds from
Federal bullets, his banjo makes him
a welcome guest wherever he is
known, and his anecdotes never grow
stale, and his joyous nature defies
the corroding hand of time.
An honored and respected inmate
of Lee Soldiers' Home, of which
privilege none are more deserving, he
is the beaumont guest of many friends
in the counties around Richmond,
where he is widely known. Sixty
years ago Mr. Gregory was taught
the art of banjo playing by old Joe
Sweeney, and as his brother, Sam
Sweeney, became famous in the tents
of the cavalry for his magic hand on
this merry instrument, so Samuel
Moorman Gregory shared with him
the same glory around the infantry
bivouacs of the army of Lee.
"If You Want to Have a Good
Time jine the Cavalry," sung Sam
Sweeney on the march with Stuart,
the gay cavalier. "Old Joe Hooker
Come Out of the Wilderness," car-
olled his contemporary, Gregory, in
Lee's trenches around Richmond, and
each performed a valuable service to
the spirits of men tried almost beyond
the endurance of the human frame.
As a contemporary of Sam Sweeney
Mr. Gregory won a deathless fame
as an entertainer in the army, and
was never happier than, when ob-
taining leave, could join Sam
Sweeney in the tent of General J. E.
B. Stuart and make merry for the
bold cavalry leader and the gay
friends who thronged his camp.
Often they played together around
the camp fire, and with those who
drank in the matchless spirit of their
music, forgot that there was ever
such a thing as war.
Mr. Gregory is known to the Con-
federate veterans as "the only original
old-time Southern comedian of
Lee's army." And now with the in-
firmities of old age drawing near, he
is the happiest of amiable cultured
Virginia gentlemen. Long may he
live!
He marched and fought and
played the Confederate war through,
carrying his gun and his banjo.
He marched and sang his war
songs of the deathless brave before
Lee, the Christian chieftain; Jackson,
the rigid Covenanters, and Stuart, the
cavalier, from May, 1861, to April 4,
1865.
A very few know that General Lee's
army stacked their arms on the
Sweeney farm, one and a half miles
from Appomattox Courthouse.
The famous apple tree, under
which Lee was sitting when negotia-
tions were going on between him and
General Grant, was in old Joe
Sweeney's yard.
Old Joe Sweeney was the originator
of the banjo, and had the honor of
playing before the Queen of England.
He died some years prior to the great
struggle between the States, and was
not Stuart's banjoist, as many sup-
posed. There were three brothers
and two sisters. None ever married
—Joe, Dick and Sam.
Sam, the youngest, was with Gen-
eral J. E. B. Stuart. He died at
Orange Courthouse during the war
with smallpox. His banjo was Gen-
eral Stuart's favorite instrument, and
his favorite song was: "If you want
to have a good time, jine the cavalry."
General Stuart had Sam Sweeney
to ride ahead of his column to play
the banjo and sing comic and senti-
mental songs to break the weariness
of the march.
When General Stonewall Jackson
requested General Lee to turn his
command over to "Jeb Stuart" at
the battle of Chancellorsville, Sam
Sweeney, in the midst of the fight,
to the same tune (Jine the Cavalry),
sang "Old Joe Hooker, get out the
Wilderness."
It was in 1845, when Mr. Gregory
was a boy visiting Appomattox

county, a guest of the Sweeney fam-
ily, that he got his first idea of play-
ing the banjo from old Joe, the elder
brother, and he plays Sweeney's origi-
nal songs today with inimitable grace
and spirit.
Mr. Gregory followed the fortunes
of General Lee, and participated in
all the battles with Mahone's division,
and he was always the life of the
camp. He gave entertainments for
the officers and soldiers of Mahone's
division, and cheered many weary
hearts with his banjo, and drove care
and sorrow from their thoughts.
Every soldier and officer in Ma-
hone's division well knew Moorman
Gregory. They can remember his
jokes on the march and after the
battle, as if it were yesterday. One
of his jokes was with General Jubal
Early on Clark's Mountain, and came
near getting him into trouble. At
the signal corps station, Mr. Gregory
took General Early for a farmer,
while the general was looking
through field glasses at the enemy
camped on the other side of the
Rapidan river.
Mr. Gregory said to him:
"Old horse, when you have seen
all, let me look a little, too," uncon-
scious that he was talking to his
superior officer.
Upon his request, the general
handed him the glass. After look-
ing a little while the general pro-
pounded the question to Mr. Gregory:
"Sir, what did you see?"
Mr. Gregory's reply was:
"Old man, I saw two lines of battle
advancing, one visible and the other
invisible."
After Mr. Gregory had left the
mountain, Major Milligan the chief
of the signal corps, told General
Early who Mr. Gregory was, and said
he was a good soldier. General Early's
reply was "His impudence is at least
equal to his bravery."
Nearly every soldier of the division
knew Mr. Gregory and would inquire
of him, which way the army was
going and found him generally cor-
rect in his prophecies.
The officers and men wondered
why. The secret was that his banjo
gave him liberties at headquarters,
which few officers and soldiers dare
to take. He would inquire of the
teamsters of the commissary wagons
what their orders were, whether to
move to the rear or front, and based
upon the replies he could give the
movements of the army. He knew
that supplies were never sent back
when the army was moving forward.
Mr. Gregory is well known in this
portion of Eastern Virginia. His
name and fame is well established in
Southern homes and hearts. He
carries on his person the honored
wounds of hard fought service for
four years in the Confederate strug-
gle, and now holds a badge of honor
for participating in the famous
charge of the Crater.

A MODERN GIANT.
Machnow, a Russian, 23 years of
age, is exhibiting in London and
will shortly come to America. His
actual dimensions today are 9 feet
2 1/2 inches from head to foot. He
weighs 450 pounds.
Machnow wears the largest hair
ever made for a human being. His
frock coat cuts into sufficient ma-
terial to clothe five average-sized men.
His boots are so large that they cost
\$40 a pair, and three pairs of his
socks, which have to be specially
woven for him, would, if unseamed,
make a coverlet for an average cot.
On the forefinger of his right hand
Machnow wears a great gold ring,
which weighs half a pound, and
would make a respectable collar for
a fox terrier.
The following is his food for one
day:
Breakfast (9 a. m.)—One to two
quarts of milk or tea, sixteen hard-
boiled eggs, six to eight small loaves,
and butter.
Luncheon (12 midday)—Two to
three pounds of meat, five pounds of
potatoes, one quart of beer.
Dinner (5 p. m.)—Soup, three to
five pounds of meat, fowl, fish, vege-
tables, potatoes, three pounds of
bread, one to two quarts of beer.
Supper (9 p. m.)—Ten to fifteen
eggs, with bread and butter, and one
quart of tea.
A DIVORCE QUESTION.
EDITOR CITIZEN—I know your
valuable paper has no "query col-
umn," but to settle a discussion, will
you be so kind as to state (when you
have time and space) if a man is sent
to the penitentiary, are his marriage
vows cancelled or not? For instance,
Fishburne, while imprisoned cannot
support his family and I am con-
fident I have read it was a law that
any penitentiary convict was no longer
bound to his wife. If such
be the case, at the expiration of his
time would they have to be remar-
ried to become man and wife?
MRS. S.
[Sentence to the penitentiary is one
of the grounds upon which absolute
divorce is granted. Unless Mrs.
Fishburne asks for divorce, and it is
granted (which it would undoubtedly
be), there would be no change
in their marital bonds.—EDITOR.]

THE THREE CANDIDATES.
(Communicated.)
The writer of this article believes
now to be the time of all times for
each and every voter to exercise the
right given him and vote for the
candidate who may come nearest to
filling his ideas of making an efficient,
fearless and trustworthy officer. Not
because he may have the backing of
political leaders, but because he
may have money, but morally, men-
tally fit.
Mr. Swanson, probably has behind
him all the support necessary to
land the gubernatorial nomination,
and no doubt would make an effi-
cient officer; but this fight is one of
great moral reform, not only for
temperance but a general "shake-up"
for all of our public offices. Those
who can't come out and declare
themselves on matters of vital impor-
tance are showing the old adage
true, "that platforms are promises
simply used for election purposes."
Mr. Willard's friends say he is the
man with the "barrel," and that
money talks—a candidate who gener-
ally is in his platform, and avoids a
public utterance on temperance and
moral reform.
Now we come to the last of the
three—Mann by name and nature—
sterling, upright, fearless and honest.
The clarion notes of his bugle-call
have no uncertain sound. Sink or
swim, political life or political death,
his colors are nailed fast and it be-
hooves not his personal friends alone
to stand by him, but all those true
advocates of reform and temperance
to stand for the man who represents
their ideas. Are we looking at this
fight in this light or are we follow-
ing our leaders, as of old? Some of
Judge Mann's would-be friends
shuffle out of supporting him by say-
ing he is needed in the Senate of Vir-
ginia. The writer would reply by
saying Mr. Swanson is more useful
in Congress to us. We admire him,
acknowledge he has grit, as it takes
a greater man to stand up under de-
feat, as Swanson did, than under vic-
tory. Misfortune is the great
test of a man's virtue and courage.
We give him his honest due, but be-
lieve Judge Mann the better man of
the three for this important office.
So the writer respectfully suggests:
keep Swanson where he is, in Con-
gress; let Mr. Willard enjoy his cash,
and vote for and elect Judge Mann
as our next Governor. What are you
going to do about it?
Yours,
JOHN CURLETT.

THE SPANIARD.
(FOR THE VIRGINIA CITIZEN.)
"Did you ever sail in Spanish
waters?" I inquired of the old sea-
man, who for many years was a sea
captain, but now has stopped sailing
and is employed as watchman, inci-
dentally spinning a yarn to the boys
when they come down to spend an
evening in the office. The "Captain"
is past his three score years and ten,
but jolly and eager to tell of his adven-
tures, which he often gets sadly
mixed.
"Yes," he answered, "I sailed the
Spanish main, and was gone on a
'leven months' trip. Ye see we
started from New York to the West
Indies to run freight to Barcelona.
Now d'ye know, them Spaniards
beats any people I ever see in some
respects. A Spaniard, you know, is
next thing to a 'nigger.' Well, when
we arrived in Barcelona we were shy
a cook, so I put into port and tried
to ship one. At last I found a fellow
named Jake, at least that's what I
called him, for I never could get the
hang of them Spanish names. Well,
sir, that Span was a wonder! He
could cook anything from a fried
loaf to a macaroni stew. But he
had a habit of thinking about some-
thing different from what he was
doing, and begun! Overboard would
go the dishes! First time he done
this, I let him off, thinking maybe
it was sort of an accident like, but
when it happened again a day or two
later I gets me a stop and starts in
to bang him right, when up the rig-
gin he goes, feet first, and never stops
until he is staidin on his head on the
topmast-head, crackin' his heels
in the air! Fact! He had a monkey
once, too, and it got so blamed
smart it would take a coconut, go
aloft and drop in onto a big stone we
kept lying on deck, and then come
scampering down to find the coco!
busted jest right for him to eat!
(This is the way these fellows does in
Africa.) But poor fellow. One
night we forgot, and left the window
of his house up, and he froze to
death!"
"This was in the West Indies, was
it, Captain?" I asked.
"But to return to the Span," he
resumed ignoring my remark; "he
went with me off an' on—with me an'
my brother—for years. Once my
brother an' him had a fuss, and Jake,
says he, I fight a you one a duello."
My brother agreed, an' as they had
nothin' but two guns aboard, that
was all they had to fight with. So
the Span takes the little gun while
my brother takes the big goose gun.

They measure off the distance, takes
their places an' the word is given to
fire. Span fires first, but missin' his
mark starts to vamon, whereupon my
brother fires into him with such
vigor that it took the crew the bal-
ance of the day to pick the shot out
of him with forks. That Spaniard
ate his meals standin' up for three
weeks.
"Another time, he went to a
slaughter-house, and got a beef blad-
der, filled it with blood, and come
down aboard. I has some friends
visitin' me that day. Well, Jake
comes aboard an' soon begins actin'
mighty queer—rollin' around and
lookin' wild, like. All of a sudden
he draws a knife and—mind you,
he's got this bladder under his blouse
all the time an' we didn't know
it—says 'I kill a meeself,' an'
plunges it into that bladder.
Well sir, if you ever saw visitors
leave in a hurry, them fellows
left me! An' I went with them. We
goes up the street until we meets two
policemen, and we tells 'em there's a
suicide Span aboard. We retraces
our steps, when lo' an' behold, Jake
leaps to his feet, plunges over board,
and swims around, with not a
scratch of a knife on him!
"But," exclaimed the Captain,
thoughtfully, "he was a rascal after
all. He stole a boat, run away, sold
it for a dollar, got caught, an' served
two years in the penitentiary. When
he got out, he was changed. No one
would ever think it was the same
Jake. He didn't seem to think it
much disgrace to steal, but the idea
of being an ex-convict was too much
for him. He come aboard of me an'
asked for a job. Bein' short a man,
I hired him. We started out with a
sail breeze to westward, and as the
night came it increased. Finally
I had to shorten sail, and ordered
Jake aloft. He went and soon every-
thing was in shape. I saw nothing
of him the rest of the night, but as
the gray light of mornin' appeared I
noticed a dark object at the yard arm.
I went close and looked. Poor Jake
had ended his disgrace. He had hung
himself with a stop.
"Goin' to write that for the pa-
per?" he inquired. "All right, next
time I'll spin you a better one, about
the time I was shipwrecked."
HAMLET.

A GOOD SENTIMENT.
EDITOR CITIZEN:—Enclosed you
will find money order for one dollar
for my subscription to your paper to
January 1st, 1905. Please excuse me
for being so slow in sending you
my money, and believe me though
slow, to be also sure. I don't be-
lieve we can be Christians unless we
pay our debts, and that without be-
ing driven to it. We have many
people who talk much about religion
and when you come to deal with
them they seem to forget it. If I
have any religion, it is seven days in
a week, or none at all—and the sub-
stance of it is to do to men as I
would have them do to me. I wish
you much success with your valuable
paper.
Oldhams, Va.

JUST SO.
Those misguided agitators who
proceed upon the theory that the
colored race in the South is ill-treated
by the white people would have some
difficulty in explaining clearly to
their dupes an incident which oc-
curred in Northumberland county,
Va., last Saturday, as reported in
our Richmond correspondence. Mrs.
Charles Crabbe, the wife of an oyster-
man who lives at Cooper's Landing,
heard cries for help. She looked
out of her window and saw that
Ralph Young, a negro boy who had
been skating on a pond near by, had
broken through the ice. The white
woman rushed at once to his rescue,
but in her efforts to save him she
herself broke through the ice, and
both were drowned.—Norfolk Land-
mark.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
The cold-storage supply of over
57,000,000 eggs held last fall in
Kansas city is exhausted.
The statement will surprise many
that Gen. U. S. Grant was a slave-
owner, but a letter from Mrs. Grant,
published in the Times-Dispatch,
supports the statement.
(Communicated.)
EDITOR CITIZEN: I noticed in the issue of February
24th, of your very valuable paper,
a communication from Mr. Curlett,
in which he makes the statement
that colored teachers are doing harm
by inculcating the spirit of enmity
in the colored children toward the
whites. I am not prepared either
to admit or deny the charge except
in so far as I am personally con-
cerned. General Lee, Jackson, Jos.
E. Johnson and others, too numerous
to mention, have always been to the
writer the very highest ideals of
manhood, and many are the nights
that I have set up, after a hard day's
work, till two and three o'clock
reading and admiring the heroic
achievements of these men. From
the ratification of the Constitution
to the present time, there have been
honest differences of opinion regard-
ing States' Rights. Numerous
causes caused these differences to
culminate in 1861. An appeal was
made to arms, the strife of four
years followed, and emancipation
came as a result of military necessity,
for which it is not natural that
we should and do thank God. There
is no necessity at this late day for
any of us, either as teachers or par-

EN PASSANT.
Sardines are so gregarious
They crowd the very seas:
Together they feel quite at home—
They fill the box with ease.
A sardine is most any fish
That happens to be small,
When caught upon the coast of Maine
And labeled "France"—what Gail!
—New York Times.

SMALL FORTUNE IN TAXES.
Treasurer W. L. Dennis, of the
county of Buchanan, one of the most
remote of the Southwestern section
of the State, last week paid into the
treasury of the State in a lump nearly
\$18,000. More remarkable still,
this was contributed in taxes by a
single tract of land in that inaccessi-
ble and yet undeveloped county on
the borders of West Virginia and
Kentucky.
This handsome contribution ac-
cumulated in a delinquency that has
continued for nearly thirty years on
a vast tract of 200,000 acres of un-
developed lands known as the Pear-
son grant. The vast area, over three
hundred square miles, was recently
offered for sale for delinquent taxes,
and was bid in by the State for the
taxes. It was subsequently redeemed
by the payment of the sum due in
taxes by C. W. Tebball, of Nor-
folk, and it is in this way that the
large contribution to the treasury is
derived.
The land purchased is rich in coal
and other minerals, and hardly less
so in its vast forests of virgin timber.
There are two conditions that detract
from its value. The title is clouded
by the claims of hundreds of squat-
ters, who have lived in undisputed
possession of small tracts of the great
area for from twenty to fifty years,
and now have a title thereto which
must be quieted by the purchaser at
the tax sale, if he desire to secure a
clear title to the whole. The other
adverse condition detracting from the
value of the land is that there is got
a mile of railroad in the county, and
the nearest line is thirty miles from
this tract. There is great value in
the property, however, owing to the
acquisition by the purchaser of the
mineral and timber rights. The con-
struction of a railway into the county
will add immensely to the value of
this property, now hardly worth
more than fifty cents per acre, and
other valuable woods thereon and
developed.

AFRO-AMERICAN NOTES.
June Evans, colored, 73 years old,
has been graduated from the elemen-
tary grade of a New Haven evening
school with honors. Mrs. Evans is
an ex-slave. For many years she has
been very anxious to learn to read,
and recently applied at the evening
school for instruction. She was a
diligent student and faithful in at-
tendance. With a child's primer
she made good progress, so that she
is now very proud to be able to read
her bible and newspaper. She se-
cured the prize award among 250
pupils.
Charged with the most cruel of
frauds, Levi C. Sullivan and Charles
Adrian, both of whom claim to hail
from Harrisonburg, Va., were ar-
rested before United States Com-
missioner Brady in Richmond. Ever
since last November, according to
their own confession, the men have
been driving through the country
swindling ignorant and infirm
negroes out of their small savings
by means of bogus pension blank-
ets. They were attired in blue coats
with brass buttons, which was a strong
factor in obtaining the confidence of
the negroes. The application blanks
found in their possession bore a no-
tice, stating that the bearers had
been duly authorized to examine ex-
slaves, who have attained the age of
55 years, and who shall answer all
questions satisfactorily. The plan
was to inform the negroes that all
former slaves are entitled to a pen-
sion from the government, and that
for a certain sum the swindlers un-
dertook to secure it for the negroes.
The latter were then required to
swear they would tell no one what
they had done lest the white people
should prevent their getting the pen-
sions.

THE NORTHERN NECK MUTUAL
FIRE ASSOCIATION,
of Irvington, Va.,
Insures Farm and Village Property
for About One-half the
Cost of Old Line Companies.
Chartered by the Virginia Legisla-
ture March 4th, 1880. Reports annually to
Auditor of Public Accounts. Now car-
ries over half a million dollars insur-
ance in the Northern Neck alone. Ter-
ritory just extended to King George, Staf-
ford, Essex, Kent and Queen, Middlesex,
Mathews and Gloucester.
Losses paid before maturity and never
yet a lawsuit.
Takes all kinds of insurable property
(except saw-mills and grist-mills) under
two classes—Preferred and Hazardous,
but the insured in one class are not
assessable for losses in the other.
Judge J. C. Ewell, President; Am. S. Rice,
Vice-President; W. McE. Lee, Secretary; Dr.
W. J. Nowell, Treasurer; Rev. F. W. Clay-
brook, Thos. M. Arnett and John A. Palmer,
Directors.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS:
Feeling some pride in what we have been able to accomplish since the fire
will briefly state here some facts. In a little over two months after our old
netting plant was entirely destroyed (from which we saved not a cent's worth of
machinery), we had new machinery running in our temporary factory, cover-
ing Sharp and Stockholm streets, which we are now running night and day, exerting
every effort to accommodate our customers, filling as promptly as possible the great
number of orders that we are receiving.
In the meantime we have finished the buildings of our new factory at River-
side Park and B. & O. R. R. and Byrd and Barney streets, taking in the whole
block, and we are now putting in the new modern machinery we have prepared
for it, which, when all installed, will give us the best netting plant in this country,
and a capacity three times more than we had before.
We expect to have our new factory going by October 1st when we will
promise prompt and satisfactory attention to all orders for netting, twice, rope,
corks, leads and everything for fishermen, and hope to prove our appreciation of
the many favors extended to us by our good friends and patrons.
The Wm. J. Hooper Manufacturing Co.,
Johnson and Barney Sts., BALTIMORE, MD.

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IRVINGTON, VIRGINIA.
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We usually suspend work when necessary
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I will be at Kilmarnock
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Of the best grades. Rappahannock
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gold spectacles and eye-glasses at \$1.50
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only one pair to a person at this special
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With a well conducted LIVER
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THE HARE AND TORTOISE.

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legitimate competition.
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Insures Farm and Village Property
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Cost of Old Line Companies.
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W. J. Nowell, Treasurer; Rev. F. W. Clay-
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Stated Communications monthly—
Friday after the third Monday, 11 a. m.
WESTMORELAND LODGE, No. 221,
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KILMARNOCK, VA.
Stated Communications monthly—
Tuesday after third Monday, 10 a. m.
BAUMAN LODGE, No. 282,
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WARRAW, VIRGINIA.
Stated Communications monthly—
Tuesday after second Monday, 10 a. m.